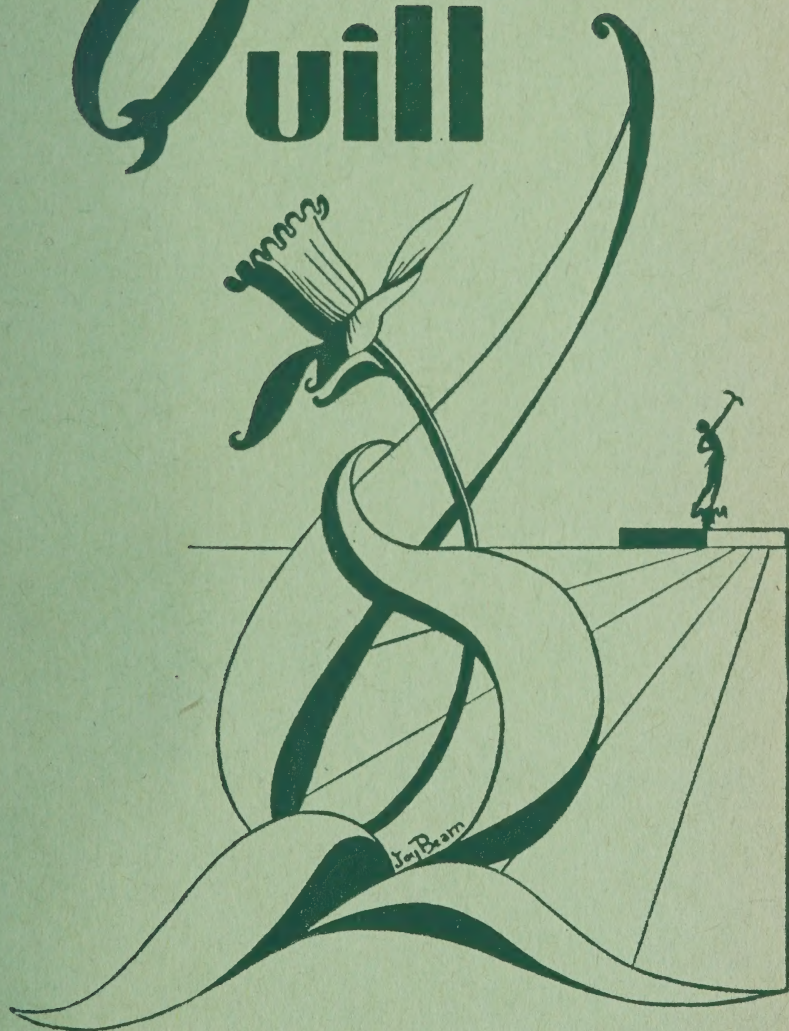



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Quill



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The Quill

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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English Spring

BARBARA JEAN FANT

*The English wind now sweeps across the land
And brings her hills and downs the taste of spring
That called the music from Will Shakespeare's hand
And first taught Drake's bold wandering heart to sing.
The great chalk cliffs rise high above the sea
In bright spring sun just as when once their might
Inspired a reckless courage in the free,
When Spain's rough gauntlet dared them to the fight.
The spring rains hum staccato lullabies
To gay grandchildren of the daffodils
That Wordsworth loved. And somber skies
Scowl at the Brontes' bleak, beloved hills.*

*The spring makes all that ancient land seem young
And promises great songs as yet unsung.*

Long Distance, Please

NORMA FAWLEY

I had that urge again, that wonderful, frightening, overpowering urge to call home. It comes upon me spasmodically. I get that wild, wistful look in my eyes and firmly announce to my roommate, "I'm going to call home." Luckily, this violent urge usually comes upon me at opportune moments, such as free afternoons or in the evenings after I finish studying. The urge comes upon me with full force—and woe betide all who try to prevent me.

The process swings into motion when I go into the telephone booth in our dorm, a former butler's pantry, close both swinging doors, and firmly but uncomfortably establish myself on the cold, bare floor. (I'm usually quite willing to bear any such minor discomforts for the wonderful pleasure pending).

I grab up the receiver, 110 is dialed for the long distance operator, and I listen eagerly for that calm, cultured voice saying, "Long-distance operator, where are you calling, please?" My mission is under way. My reply comes out in what I hope is a cool, precise tone. "I'd like to make a collect station-to-station call to Jacksonville, Florida, phone number 9-4561. This is Norma Fawley at Queens College, 4-2881." The operator smoothly answers with, "Just a moment; I'll see if the lines are busy." They usually are! Then I am told that I will be notified just as soon as my call goes through. An interlude of oblivion in my mind and emotions follows. I seem to be living in a vacuum. My roommate can testify to this.

I have better luck sometimes, though. Oh, the happy day when I put in the call, the operator acknowledges my objective, and in a minute I hear her talking to a Jacksonville operator, imagine in *Jacksonville*. Can you experience my thrill when I hear my home town operator repeat the number I gave, and then I hear the phone at home begin to ring. I hold my breath till I hear a soft feminine voice answer "Hello" so like my own "Hello's." I enter my own private seventh heaven then along with four other people—an intelligent, understanding man; a sweet, comprehending lady; one ten-year-old rambunctious, lovable Superman; and one bundle of blonde curls and impudent remarks who importantly claims four years of age.

It's Mommie on the phone! Why does the operator have to go through all that rigamarole of asking her, "Charlotte is calling, Miss Norma Fawley. Will you accept the charges?" I silently answer the operator, "You're mighty right they will. They're my family!" Mommie eagerly replies, "We certainly will"; and almost before the operator can finish saying, "Charlotte, go ahead," I let go with what seems like a shout in that tiny room, "Hello Mommie, it's Sissie." (As if she didn't know!)

And then the rains come. My eyes fill up with tears, my voice changes, and I'm no longer a sophisticated collegiate but just a homesick little girl.

Then comes a flurry of questions, answers, exclamations, and explanations. And I feel so happy that I do believe I could sing with the angels—that is, if I could sing. My latest feminine triumph, sorrow, joy, and question are related into Mommie's sympathetic ears; and with a few quiet words from her, I'm O. K. Then she says, "Here is Daddy." The rains pour again. His nice "Hello there, it's grand to hear from you. How are you feeling?" always sets me on the beam. I have matters of conscience, ethics, finance to ask him, and questions to pile upon his trustworthy shoulders. I idolize that pop of mine—maybe it is because we are two birds of a feather.

"Tommy's right here," Daddy says, and my official dish-drier comes to the phone. "Hi, Sissie! How's school? What you been doing? How are your grades?" How can boys of ten ask so many questions? A warm, happy glow is creeping over me. I remember Tommy standing beside me in a theatre line waiting to buy one and a half tickets, the time *he* took *me* to the show. He had earned the money running errands and felt he should have a movie date. I was one proud girl when he casually said to me one Saturday morning, "Sissie, you've taken me to the show and bowling a lot; so I'd like to treat you to the show this afternoon. O.K.?" You could almost see him draw himself up in masculine pride and confidence. He did take me to the show and even bought me a cherry coke afterwards. I saw a glimpse of a young *man* then!

Suddenly I'm back in reality. Tommy is giggling, "Walter is supposed to be in bed, but he is jumping up and down. I'll bet he's going to break the springs." I can hear him! It sounds as if he is clamoring to talk to Sissie too. My heart is clamoring to talk to him. A great desire to hear a baby—oh, excuse me—a *little boy* voice is within me.

"Hey, Norma! I love you. Are you coming home soon? I miss you. Anthony, my playmate, threw sand at me and I kicked him, but we're friends now." All Walter's four-year-old statements come flying at me like dive bombers. He acts like one, though. Or else he gives a very authentic imitation of a bantam rooster, especially when he's mad. At such times stay out of his way. And above all, don't let him see that grin of amusement on your face at his demonstration. He's serious!

I realize now that time does go by, and I've been talking for quite a while. "All good things must end," it says in the proverbs. It also says in the travelogues in the movies that "Having visited this beautiful place, we now regretfully leave." So I guess I will too.

I say my final—and yes, slightly tearful—goodbyes, send last-minute messages, proclaim my complete unwavering love, and hang up with a short sob and a longer sigh.

I've been fortified. I can tackle anything now. I'm in the groove. Everything is fine. I called home!

My Blimmy Tree

BETTY BARBER

*A squirble bobbed both up and down
On top of my blim tree.
And all the blimmynuts fell off
And some were thrown at me.*

*I walked right up and grabbed his ear
And said, "Now listen here,
That blimmy tree belongs to me.
You'd better stop, my dear."*

*But you know what? He only laughed
And bobbed both up and down.
And blimmynuts kept falling off
Until the ground was brown.*

*I got so mad I grabbed him up
And looked him in the eye.
I shook him thrice, then just gave up
And breathed a hopeless sigh,*

*Then off he flew and ne'er returned
To shake my blimmy tree.
The nuts are ripe but still they hang,
I 'spose he didn't like me.*

Last Quarter

FLORA ANN NOWELL

Lying prostrate on the gym floor, one hand beneath her throbbing head, Terry studied the rafter above. A short length of old rope hung there, marking the place where a swing had once been. Its end was unraveled like a half unplaited pigtail, and she wondered how many years had passed since pig-tailed children had played on it. Probably ten; maybe fif---. The shrill whistle of the referee cut short her reverie and propelled her quickly to her feet. The muscles in her legs were tense with fatigue, and seemed to be pulling her with a force akin to gravity back to the floor. She rubbed her arm across her hot, moist forehead and knew that her face was very red, and that her hair, which could look sleek and well-groomed at proms and things, was hanging in wet, unsightly strings.

She took her place beside the tall, graceful, poised girl who was her guard and who looked as if she had just come from a cool terrace and a very minty julep. Terry was instinctively antagonistic toward tall, graceful, nymphlike girls—especially when they guarded her; and when they looked as fresh as the proverbial daisy besides, her antagonism amounted almost to hate.

It was their ball in center, and her signal. She dodged and broke and ran and jumped, her feet stamping and her arms outstretched, but at the proper moment the long arm of the Nymph came out and batted the ball over the center line straight into the arms of an opposing forward. Terry watched breathless as her teammate leaped and successfully intercepted the forward's pass. Then the ball was back over on their side. Terry ran towards the goal, felt the smack of the ball hitting her hands and stomach, saw that she was for the moment clear, dribbled, and shot. The cheering told her that the ball had gone through, and she trotted back to her place feeling blessed relief that she had redeemed herself.

There was a foul on the next play, but the opposing forward missed the free shot; and the ball, after a series of wobbly passes, managed to get back across center again. This time Terry jumped high to catch the second pass, quickly snapped it back to the center, and watched her take a long shot and make it. The gymnasium rocked with the cheering. The spectators crowded to the sidelines. The cheer leaders in their short pleated skirts and bright sweaters led a victorious, powerful yell. Terry glanced at the score board and saw the reason for the excitement. After trailing all evening, they'd finally succeeded in tying up the score. Her breath was coming in lung-splitting gasps, and she felt as limp as a worn-out rag doll. Even the Nymph, dilating her nostrils like a restive colt, looked a little excited.

The players caught the wild and mounting hysteria of the crowd, and it showed up in their playing. Gone was the effortless, smooth, clock-like precision. Both teams began passing and shooting wildly, and everything kaleidoscoped into the dark globe of the ball, the tantalizing, gently-swaying basket net, the hard feel of the floor beneath tired feet, pivoting swiftly and forcefully, and the ever-flailing arms of the Nymph, which remained like an avenging windmill directly in the path of every attempted pass and shot. Again and again the whistle blew and violations were called. At long last the Nymph over-guarded and the referee called a foul. The noise ceased as suddenly as if a blaring radio had been cut off, the other players silently took their places along the lines, and Terry staggered to the free throw line.

She could hear the strained breathing of the others mixing with her own; her eyes were blurred; her hands and knees were trembling. She swallowed, took a deep breath, pushed her unruly hair off her hot, wet forehead, took careful, slow aim, and shot. The ball arched beautifully and fell through without even touching the rim, while the noise swelled to terrifying proportions. The kaleidoscope began all over again, and it seemed as if it would never stop. Several goals were made, but Terry lost all count. Above the noise she listened for only one thing—the welcome whistle blast from the time-keeper meaning that the game was over, meaning that she could rest her weary bones, catch her breath, and quit dodging the menacing spokes of the windmill. Everytime the ball would pass on the other side of the line, she fervently hoped it would stay there, but it never did for very long. Somehow her legs and eyes and arms continued to respond, though once when she fell headlong and landed on her nose she thought she'd never get up. The Nymph pulled her to her feet, however, and the game went on interminably. Was a quarter really only eight minutes long? The time-keeper *must* be cheating.

Finally, in the midst of a pass from center which the Nymph was on the verge of batting over, the whistle blew. No bugle call was ever sweeter! Then and only then did Terry turn to look with blurred eyes at the scoreboard. The immense sigh she emitted was born jointly of her intense fatigue and her tremendous relief. They had won the tournament by one point!



Light Breeze, Gay Breeze

BARBARA JEAN FANT

*Light breeze, gay breeze,
Singing summer day breeze,
Prancing through the tree tops,
Laughing in the sun.*

*Sometimes haunting,
Beckoning and taunting,
Whispering a million things
That could be done.*

*Often giggling,
Skipping by and wiggling,
Dancing in your hair and
Daring you to shout.*

*Sweeping past you,
Dashing by so fast you
Know it's reached your heart and
Blown the trouble out.*

Spring Comes Swiftly

ANN PERRY

"Mummy."

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Mummy, when will the baby be born?"

"Soon, dear."

"But when, Mummy?"

"In the spring."

"When is spring, Mummy?"

"Soon, dear. Maybe next week. You'll know when spring is here."

"How, Mummy?"

"Oh, the frogs will sing at night, and the flowers will grow again. You'll know, Jimmy."

"And the baby will be born, Mummy?"

"Yes, the baby will be born."

She put aside her knitting and gathered him into her arms. For a few minutes he forgot that he was the left end on the fourth grade football team, and stood quietly by her chair, his head against her shoulder. He freed himself gently and looked at his mother.

"You're beautiful," he said with surprise.

"Thank you, Jimmy." She smiled secretly to herself.

"But why is your hair gold, and mine isn't, Mummy?"

"Because you look like your daddy, Jimmy."

"Do you think the baby will look like Daddy? Or maybe it will look like you, Mummy."

"Maybe it will, Jimmy. We'll have to wait and see."

"Oh, I can hardly wait for spring, Mummy. We'll have a picnic down at the river, and we'll take the baby, and Daddy and I'll go swimming while you fix the lunch. Golly, I can hardly wait." Jimmy performed a silent dance around his mother's chair and stood before her, his eyes shining.

"What will we call the baby, Mummy?"

"Daddy wants to call it Johnny if it's a boy and Deborah if it's a girl."

"Oh, no," Jimmy wailed, "Deborah's no name for it. We ought to call her Mary—if you like it." He looked at her expectantly.

She nodded her head. "It's a lovely name for the baby. But why did you think of Mary?"

Amazed that she didn't know, Jimmy answered, "Well, Mary was Jesus' mother."

"Yes, dear."

"Well?"

"Oh, I understand. I think it's a very nice name for the baby, and I'm sure she'll like it." She smoothed the cowlick that persisted in springing up, and they smiled at each other with the wisdom that comes from sharing a great secret.

That same night Jimmy dreamed a terrible dream. He was on a huge disk whirling around and around as he clutched the baby in his arms and shrieked "Mary!" every time a thunderous voice said "Deborah!" The voice continued to challenge him, but the name changed from Deborah to Jimmy, louder and louder. There was an explosion of light in his face, and Jimmy woke up. He muttered "Mary" half awake and then realized that his father was sitting on the side of his bed, shaking him.

"Wake up, Jim."

"Yessir, I'm awake."

"Mummy's going to the hospital now, and she wants to say good-bye to you. Put on your bathrobe. Where are your slippers?"

"Under the bed," Jimmy mumbled as he pulled his bathrobe on. He followed his father into the hall and down the steps to the living room. His mother sat quietly in one of the living room chairs, a strange expression on her face. Jimmy ran across the room to her and threw his arms around her. "Don't forget me, Mummy. I'll miss you."

She smiled at him and touched his cheek with her finger. "Be a good boy, Jimmy. And do as Anna says while I'm away."

"Yes ma'am," Jimmy said, and thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his bathrobe. "Yes ma'am, I will."

His father came into the room carrying a suitcase and set it down as he put on his overcoat. Jimmy knew what was in the suitcase; he had watched his mother pack it. And he knew that the chests upstairs in the new nursery were filled with tiny, tiny clothes just big enough for an elf—or for Mary. His mother turned and blew him a kiss as she walked out the door. Then Anna was beside him and propelled him upstairs as he groggily insisted that he wasn't sleepy, that he didn't want to go to bed, that—he—was—really——.

The next morning Jimmy woke up to the usual sound of pans being moved about in the kitchen below him. He stretched and started to get out of bed. Spot would want to go out. Reality crashed upon him as he stared at the foot of his bed where Spot should have been. It was empty! Maybe his father had put Spot out. Halfway to his parents' room Jimmy realized that last night had not been part of his dream. His mother had gone to the hospital. He ran down the steps and into the kitchen, precipitating himself into Anna's arms as he tripped over Spot.

"Anna, has Daddy called up yet?"

"No, Jimmy, not yet. You'd better run upstairs and get dressed; it's too cold for you to be running around in your pajamas. Hurry now, and I'll fix your breakfast here in the kitchen for you."

Jimmy started out the door, turned and gyrated into the kitchen again. "I forgot to feed Spot."

Anna handed him a box of dog biscuits from the cupboard, and he gave Spot several, going through an exact ritual every time. Spot had to sit up while Jimmy balanced a biscuit on her nose, then with a flip of her head Spot threw the biscuit into the air, caught it, and munched it happily. It was Spot's one trick, and Jimmy was proud of her. Finally Anna shooed him out of the kitchen.

Up the steps, into the bedroom, dress, wash his face and brush his teeth—those things done, back into the kitchen Jimmy came. "I'm hungry," he announced, reaching for a doughnut. Anna slid the plate out from his grasp. "Not until you eat your cereal," she scolded. After an interminable time staring at the oatmeal, Jimmy managed somehow to get it down. The doughnuts went quickly with a gulp of milk, and Jimmy stood up importantly. "Anna, I'll be in the study listening for the telephone. If you want me, just call."

Anna swung around. "But you've got to leave for school in ten minutes, or you'll be late, Jimmy. Now run upstairs and get your books."

"Oh, no, I'm not going to school today, Anna. Mummy wouldn't make me go. And besides, I can clean up the basement this morning; Daddy asked me to last week."

Anna did not waver. "No, Jimmy, your mother would want you to go to school, and you'd better go. Now hurry, or you'll be late."

Masculine decision erupted in Jimmy. "Anna, I'm not going to school today," he said and slid out of the kitchen. But victory was bitter, and he returned. "Mummy wouldn't mind; really she wouldn't. And I'll go tomorrow, Anna. You don't think it's wrong, do you?"

Anna's love for the boy softened her Puritanical starch. "No, Jimmy, so long as it's today, I don't think it's wrong. Now come help me with the dishes, and then you can read in the study for a bit. By that time we should hear something from your father."

Jimmy was kind in his victory and dried the dishes carefully. When he had finished, he called Spot into the study and looked again at his precious comic books. Halfway through the dazzling adventures of Superman the telephone rang. Jimmy threw Superman down, ran out of the study, and skidded to a halt before the telephone, tackling it as he fell.

"H-Hello," he gasped.

"Hello, this is the Wilson School. Could you tell me why James is absent, please?" an impersonal voice inquired.

"He's coming later," Jimmy shouted and slammed the receiver down on the hook. Didn't people know that his father might call any minute now and tell him the baby had been born? And what if the line was busy then? Jimmy reached out and patted Spot. Spot's wagging tail agreed emphatically. The phone rang above Jimmy, and he snatched the receiver off.

"Jim?"

"Yes, Dad."

The voice sounded tired. "Jim, what are you doing home?"

"Daddy, I just couldn't go to school till the baby was born," Jimmy pleaded.

"Well, you'd better leave now because you've got a baby sister."

"Honest, Honest, Dad? You mean Mary?"

A chuckle from the other end of the line, and his father said, "Yes, Jim, I mean Mary. Mummy's fine; she's asleep now. I'll be home soon. Oh, Jim, be sure to tell Anna."

"Yessir. I will, Dad." Jimmy scrambled off the floor and hurtled into the kitchen with Spot a comet's tail behind him. "Anna, Anna, the baby's born. Mary's here." Jimmy hugged Anna wildly, shouting all the while.

(Continued on Page 33)

Last Trip Home

SARAH JUNE PATTERSON

You can leave a place you love and the friends of many years acquaintance, but you cannot forget them, nor stop loving and longing for those familiar scenes or faces. It is necessary to go back and review those things again before the final goodbye can be said.

So it was that I found myself on the bus swinging around some hazardous curves and listening to the incessant chatter of those around me. I could close my eyes and picture the scenes that I would see at the end of my journey. First we would come over the crest of a hill, and a high school would come into view. The wrong school it would be, just a bunch of nondescript people gathered there each day, for you see East High is our rival. But it would be good to see it, good to feel that thrill of old arguments and close competition. Next we would go through the center of town. Every store would be a reminder of some strange adventure of my childhood. I could almost taste the frosted malteds and cherry mashes that the gang had always indulged in at Gallagher's on the way home from any special event. My first real hat was purchased there at Bradshaw's, and my arches were never quite the same after working during the Christmas rush at Anderson's. Thus my mind ran down each street, and my heart quickened with the thought that soon I would be on those hallowed grounds again.

Another mile and I would be home—or at least to the house I had known as home for so many years. It would be vacant, the blinds hanging crooked over dirty windows, the grass ragged, and the flowers all dead, but nevertheless home to the hungry heart.

The very first thing I would do would be to go alone to the church. I would walk quietly into the sanctuary, and in the dim purple light that shone through the windows I would relive the important events of my life that had taken place here in that beautiful building. Visions of communion services, Christmas and Easter programs, weddings and funerals of friends—so much drama is packed into those four walls.

Next I would go to school, my school—not that alien place I now attended, but the school where "Daddy" Brewer, the beloved principal, had a jolly word for each of us; where four of us shared a locker fully equipped with battered books, stray fruit and pickle jars, and those treasured pictures of "Frankie"; where the people I met in the halls knew me, and I knew them and had known them since pigtail days.

On Sunday I would go to church. From the choir loft—of course I would sit there; I always had, and from where else could one get a view of all that happened during the service—I would see the old familiar things. Mrs. Jones would fall asleep. The Bakers would all trail in late and hold a whispery conference to decide where to sit. Mrs. Allred would make faces at Jimmy in a vain effort to calm his bubbling spirits, but as usual she would only succeed in challenging him to take more drastic measures in order to get the attention of those about him. During the anthem Tommy's voice would crack, causing the choir members to shake from the effects of "singing on the outside while laughing on the inside."

Some one would have a party that week, for it didn't require much of an occasion for our gang to have a party; and no matter how much planning had been done, they were always the same. We would play those same old games, laugh at the same old jokes of our past experiences together, sing the same old songs, and see the same old

friends who were so close and dear. They would all be there: Norma, who isn't to be trusted with the other gals' fellas; Janie, who at eighteen is so like a baby; Roy, with his pretty blue eyes and corny jokes; Mary, who is Mrs. Stevens now; Jean, who has shared so many secrets and dreams; Jack, who, in spite of being blind since he was fifteen, is the finest of the group; Tate, just home from Iwo Jima with days of horror to forget; and all the rest with their faults and failures not overshadowing their fine qualities.

Yes, "there's no place like home." But this week will soon be gone; I must board the bus and go south again. Memories will be all I have of "home," for you see I don't live there any more.

Ode to a Mosquito

ANNALOU TODD

*She keeps herself quite out of sight
Until you settle down at night,
Then she comes her lips a-smacking
To search for nourishment she's lacking.*

*She doesn't look like Betty Grable,
But in her field she's just as able.
No blessings on thee, mosquito,
For you shouldn't buzzle so.*

*And while she hums that little hummy,
I let her fill her little tummy,
And then she flies back to the swamp,
Tired out from her romp.*

*They say it's not the male who bites,
But all the same it really blights,
For when she nips a spot so tender
You'll not stop to ask her gender.*



The Green Years of Milton

FLORA ANN NOWELL

SOMEONE HAS SAID that he who would be great must very carefully choose his parents. One may almost imagine that Milton did just this, for surely few people of poetic temperament have been so fortunate in their parents.

Little is known about his mother, but we may at least safely say that she never interfered with the activities of the poet. Her first name was Sarah — of that there is no doubt; her last name may have been Bradshaw, Jeffrey, or Caston (Masson thinks that it was Jeffrey, and he was probably right). Milton describes her as “a most excellent mother, and particularly known for her charities throughout the neighborhood,”¹ and though she was nine years younger than her husband, they seem to have been ideally matched.

Milton's father was, according to Aubrey, “brought up in the University of Oxon at Christ Church, and his father disinherited him because he kept not to the catholique religion. So thereupon he came to London, and became a scrivener (brought up by a friend of his; was not an apprentice) and gott a plentiful estate by it, and left it off yeares befor he dyed. He was an ingeniose man; delighted in musique; composing many songs now in print, especially that *Oriana*.”² This, in a nutshell, is John Milton the elder—a man cherishing his religious beliefs to such an extent that he was willing to be disinherited for them and a man in whom the rare combination of art and practicality was found, so that he was proficient enough in his profession to retire rich and at the same time proficient enough in his music to be locally renowned. He even tried his hand at poetry, though Belloc says that “he is guilty of some of the worst lines ever penned,” but adds, “there is something great about such depth of badness.”³ At least he had interest enough in it to try it, and perhaps in his son's great skill he found the completion of life-long ambitions along this line.

All three outstanding characteristics of the elder John Milton were important to his son. His practicality made it possible for Milton to have a good education and freedom from the poverty so often the lot of the poet. His music, we may imagine, instilled in the young John a feeling for rhythm and melody. It most certainly engendered a love for music, for which there is ample testimony in his works — both in his masterpieces and his failures, and “when something in a writer's life is spoken of by him not only in the best of his work but in the worst, then may you be certain that that thing is a constant concern.”⁴ By far the most important contribution to the greatness of his son, however, came on that fateful day when the elder John decided to forsake Catholicism and embrace Protestantism. The fact that he had to suffer disinheritance for his beliefs strengthened them and made the Milton home more religious; but the fact that these beliefs were Protestant was much more important. “The voice of Milton, growing to be in the long run the voice of England, was to be heard as a Protestant voice, filling the national air with its eloquence and pronouncement. It is true that if John Milton (like his brother) had harked back to the old family tradition and fallen in with Catholicism, he would never have become the national poet . . . Even

¹David Masson, *The Life of John Milton*, (New York, 1946) vol. I, p. 39.

²Andrew Clark, *Aubrey's Brief Lives*, (Oxford, 1898) p. 62.

³Hilaire Belloc, *Milton*, (London, 1935), p. 69.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 68.

had he been neutral, things would not have been the same; but being what he was from the beginning—anti-catholic and increasingly so—he was particularly to affect the mind and character of the English people.”⁵

Early in 1600 John Milton, who was then about thirty-seven, and Sarah Jeffrey (?), who was twenty-eight, were married in the Church of All Hallows on Bread Street in London. John took Sarah after the wedding to live in a combination home and office, at the sign of the Spread Eagle on Bread Street. On May 12, 1601, the first child was born, but he died before he could be baptized. The second child, Ann, was born sometime between 1602 and 1607.

On December 9, 1608, at half-past six in the morning (according to the testimony of Christopher Milton)⁶ a son was born to the good scrivener and his wife. The father, beaming proudly and dreaming large dreams for his son, had him, eleven days later, christened “John” after himself. The little embryo poet was born “in the full blaze of English verse at its noon. Spenser was but lately dead; Shakespeare had more than seven years to live; *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, had just appeared. The sonnets, long known, were immediately to be printed and universal. All Milton’s first years . . . were a preparation for the lyric. From his childhood, from his first acquaintance with letters, he had been steered by circumstance to song, but song was for him introduced through the severe doors of scholarship and controversy. It is as a lyrical voice attempting flight that we approach his youth, but that youth was stamped with certain characters which were to determine all his strained career.”⁷

Of the earliest years of Milton we know nothing, but we can imagine much. We can imagine him growing quickly into a “beautiful child,” learning to walk and talk earlier than the other children, and quickly becoming accustomed to life in the busy heart of London. Quite early he must have become aware of Bow Church, which stood right behind his house, and Gerrard’s Hall, which stood at the end of the street and was a great curiosity. In this great old house with its arches of stone a giant was said to have dwelled; and probably long before he was six, little John had stood at the foot of the great ladder there and wondered, as only children can, at the mystery of giants. The famous Mermaid Tavern was near at hand also, and since this was the favorite haunt of Shakespeare, perhaps “when the dramatist paid his last known visit to London, he may have spent an evening with his old comrades at the Mermaid, and going down Bread Street with Ben Jonson on his way, may have passed a fair child of six playing at his father’s door, and, looking down at him kindly, have thought of a little grave in Stratford Churchyard, and the face of his own dead Hamnet.”⁸

The Milton home was a Christian home; and, as soon as he was able to understand, John and Sarah must have instructed their little son in the grand old stories of the Bible. Quite early he must have become acquainted with Adam and Eve, Joseph, Samson, David, and Daniel. We can easily imagine him listening spellbound to the voice of his father (made melodious by the singing of madrigals) reading of how the infant Jesus was born while the angels sang and the bright star shone from the newly printed King James Version of the Bible. Sarah must have looked up from her sewing and smiled at the serious face of her child, little realizing that from such humble beginnings great epics grow.

Surely one strong influence from the beginning of Milton’s life was music. We can imagine him sitting rapt while his talented father played the organ or being happily awakened at a late hour by Mr. Milton and his musical friends singing madrigals. Early

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 61.

⁶*Op. Cit.*, p. 62.

⁷*Belloe, op. cit.*, p. 55.

⁸*Masson, op. cit.*, p. 46.

in life he must have become proud of the fact that his father had attained some fame as a composer and musician. We know that Mr. Milton taught the boy to play the organ, and the child probably learned to sing almost by the time he learned to talk.

Milton was too young to be very sad when his little sister, Sarah, died in 1612; but he must have had his first taste of sorrow at the age of seven when his two-and-a-half-year-old sister, Tabitha, died. His sorrow must have been forgotten soon, however, in his joy at the birth of Christopher in the same year. A baby brother is exciting business for a seven-year-old, and we can readily imagine John developing a serious, protective attitude toward little Chris.

From the first, Mr. Milton seems to have had some prescience of the potential greatness of his eldest son, and one of the strongest evidences of this is seen in the fact that when the boy was only ten his portrait was painted by Cornelius Jansen, a Dutch artist from Amsterdam whose reputation had preceded his arrival in London. This portrait is one of the most reliable keys to the character and appearance of the boy Milton. It shows him as an unusually handsome child, with delicate and sensitive features and short auburn hair curled around an intelligent and serious face. His was a definite poetic nature, and it is little wonder that his father loved him dearly and was solicitous of his education and opportunities. Surely the following selection from *Paradise Regained* chosen by the first engraver of the portrait as an apt description of his youth is indeed fitting:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing: all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things."

Mr. Milton was the willing agent in the propagation of this serious desire "to learn and know"; for the poet himself said, "my father destined me, while yet a child, for the study of humane letters . . . and . . . he caused me to be instructed daily." The first instructor of which there is any record was "a puritan, in Essex, who cutt his haire short,"¹⁰ and if the "his" refers to Milton's hair and not the Puritan's, this school master is responsible for the fact that Jansen's portrait is of a "sweet little Round-head."¹¹

His next tutor was a Scotchman by the name of Thomas Young, a Presbyterian, who became Milton's teacher when the boy was about ten years of age. That Young was undoubtedly a gifted and intelligent man is made evident by the fact that he later became master of Jesus College, Cambridge. Milton wrote to Young long after he had ceased to be his pupil, and we gather from a Latin elegy written in 1627 in honor of this preceptor that from him Milton first learned Latin and Greek and received impetus for the writing of his first English and Latin verses.*

When Milton was about twelve, he entered St. Paul's School, which had been founded by the fearless reformer and distinguished contemporary of Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, Dr. John Colet. At the time of its founding its purpose was to afford free education to poor men's children. By Milton's day, however, most of its students were sons of well-to-do citizens, and it enjoyed the reputation of being one of the better preparatory schools of London. The original schoolhouse still remains, and we may well imagine young Milton's arriving there in the early morning, walking through

⁹Masson, *op. cit.*, p. 84, 85.

¹⁰Clark, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

¹¹Masson, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

¹²Masson, *op. cit.* p. 72.

(Continued on Page 35)

The Mirror

FLORA ANN NOWELL

Pete winced a little as Kitty removed the last of the bandages from his still tender cheek. The pain made him remember briefly, poignantly the devastating pain he'd felt that day over Germany. He saw again the flash of light and heard himself screaming as he'd screamed then when the flames seared his face and he'd felt the plane begin to spin and knew that it would plummet downward, leaving twisted metal and smoldering wreckage as the only evidence of a once proud bomber. The lurch of the plane had thrown him out of the open bomb bay, and how he had managed to get the rip cord pulled was still a mystery to him.

"My goodness. You're downright handsome," Kitty was saying in a slightly high pitched voice, taut with the tension she was sharing with him.

Handsome. That was what he'd been once. The handsomest boy in Thomasburg. Tall, broad shoulders; crisp blond hair; large, brown eyes; a perfect profile—he could have gone with any girl in school. He'd half unconsciously chosen Connie, Thomasburg's prettiest girl. They set each other off perfectly, for she had shiny black hair and sea blue eyes and was just the right height to make an ideal dancing partner.

How good those days had been! Those happy, carefree days now forever past! The last night at home had been the best of all. The gang had given him a farewell party, a lulu of a party, at which he'd been in his element. Everything he'd said had been funny; every dance he'd danced had been perfect; every line he'd tried had worked. Connie, alight with pride in him and in herself, had helped him laugh the night away, secure in the limelight they both loved. That was the night he'd given her his Sigma Pi pledge pin and asked her to wait for him. That was the night he'd walked home under a thousand stars and exulted in the thought that nothing could ever stop him, that he had been born under the most favored star in the heavens. His luck had held through his Dwight Field days. It had continued to hold through twenty-nine missions.

"Shall I go get a mirror, Lieutenant?" Kitty's voice was still a little nervous.

A mirror. The last mirror he had looked into had been a dull, fingerprinted English mirror which a little near-sighted Red Cross nurse had finally held up for him after he'd asked her to a dozen times. He'd looked only for the briefest moment, but the reflection was forever etched in his mind. He'd seen the face of a monster, hideously scarred and distorted beyond the wildest imagination of a Hollywood horror-story writer. He'd lain for an hour in a sort of numb hysteria, and then he'd written to Connie, briefly and to the point. He told her that he had fallen in love with the daughter of a London Bobby, and please might he have his Sigma Pi pin so that he could give it to her. It was brutal, but it had to be. He couldn't risk heroics on the part of gay, beautiful Connie.

It was only after the near-sighted nurse had taken his letter away to mail that he gave way to the fountain of emotion which had swelled within him. He'd sobbed until his sorrow had grown too deep even for tears. Then he'd given way to a bleak, bottomless despair which engulfed him and stamped out the last vestige of happiness. He responded to nothing; he rarely spoke; they'd even had to force him to eat.

"I say, Pete, don't you want to see your new face?"

Pete glanced at Kitty. Short brown hair, turned-up nose, sympathetic gray eyes half hidden by blue rimmed glasses. Beside Connie she was plain and uninteresting, and yet it had been Kitty who had finally nursed back to life the dying embers of his interest and sanity. He had been shipped to America near the end of the war in Europe at the time when spring was at its loveliest and most breathless. Kitty brought news of its awakening day by day to the sanitary solitude of his hospital room in spite of the fact that he never responded in any way. Gradually, however, he found himself looking forward to her coming each morning. He began listening to her chatter in spite of himself, to marvel at her effortless efficiency, and to rejoice in the cool touch of her hand on his corrugated forehead.

"Won't you ever shut up?" he'd finally screamed at her one morning in the midst of a lengthy account of three robins she'd seen on the lawn. "What have I to do with robins or anything in which there is happiness? Why don't I die?" The last was an audible expression of the pent-up agony of months.

But Kitty didn't shut up. She screamed right back at him (though he'd always thought it was against the rules for nurses to lose their tempers with patients).

"You make me sick," she'd screamed. "Where's your fighting spirit? Where's your gratitude? Yes, your gratitude! You might be lying in a nameless grave in Germany. You might have lost your legs or arms or both. Many have and have gone on living. There's nothing wrong with you that a little plastic surgery won't cure, but you won't even consent to the operations. You're content to wallow in self-pity and enjoy your misery. Phooey. You'll not get my sympathy. You're nothing but a miserable, misguided masochist."

This, the first criticism he'd heard in months—almost the first he'd ever heard—completely banished his stupor. At first he was too startled to be articulate. He just stared amazed at this wisp of a girl who dared call Peter Martin, surely the most unfortunate of all men, vile names.

"How can you possibly understand?" he finally managed. "Life is just a song to you, isn't it? Just a continual round of robins and roses and red leaves and snow. Suppose all your dreams were suddenly smashed to smithereens. Suppose---."

He glanced up. The anger was gone from her eyes, and once more they were calm and sympathetic.

"Please," he cried, "don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't look at me. How can you bear to?"

She smiled.

"You were saying that I don't understand," she said. "Go on."

"Well, you don't. About the operation, for instance. The plastic surgery. You don't really think it would work in my case, do you? Of course it wouldn't. It would just mean weeks of pain and in the end lost hope again. It's no use. No use at all."

"I said that once, too. I said, 'It's no use, Kitty. Your life is over.' But I was wrong, and you are too."

"You said that. Why, in heaven's name?"

"Would you really like to know?"

"Yes, I think I would."

So she had told him, simply and without hysteria. His name had been Joe, and they had had only one week of married life before he'd gone over—one perfect week into which a lifetime of living had been crowded. The dread telegram had come six months later. The day had been one of those perfect, clear, crisp fall days, and she had walked to the mailbox to mail to him a letter filled with love and hope. And when she returned the telegram with its message of awful finality had been waiting for her. The next morning she had given birth to a son, who had lived only two hours. For weeks she'd lain half conscious, praying for death. Even after she had superficially recovered, the sight of a ruptured duck in the lapel of a vet reminded her so poignantly of her own vet who would never return that she had had to fight down hysteria. She'd finally conquered this by transferring from City Hospital to the veteran's hospital at which she was now located. Gradually her wounds had almost healed.

He'd been silent a moment after she'd finished, and then he'd taken her hand in his and said, "Poor Kitty," very softly and sincerely. This "poor Kitty" after months of nothing but "poor Pete" proved a turning-point in his slow trudge to recovery.

Kitty was still waiting for the answer to her question with the patience peculiar to nurses.

"Sure, Kit," he grinned. "Bring a mirror."

He listened to the click of her heels as she made her way down the hall. He wondered how many times he'd listened for them in the past months—listened with anticipation and a quickened pulse. It hadn't taken her long to talk him into plastic surgery, but it was a full-time job keeping his spirits up. In desperation one day when she'd caught him doodling with slightly better than average skill she'd obtained a sketch book, charcoal, and instructor from Occupational Therapy, and it had worked like a charm. He'd even sold two ideas to a greeting card company, and he dreamed now of being an illustrator or going into advertising instead of being the second Great Profile on Broadway.

The last operation was over, and he was supposed to be as good as new. He wondered.

Kitty was in the doorway now carrying a large rectangular mirror. She smiled as she handed it to him, but he couldn't force a returning smile. He was remembering the other mirror and the other face too strongly. The hand that reached out trembled, and he felt cold and frightened all over. He had to force his reluctant eyes to focus on the mirror. For a moment he stared in disbelief; then tremulously, joyously, he grinned. The monster-face etching faded forever into the realm of his mind reserved for nightmares and other horrible, but unreal phenomena. It wasn't a handsome face, but it was a nice face—a face that a woman could love. A face that a woman could love! He looked up at Kitty, put down the mirror, and took her hand. He couldn't say anything, but the moment was magic, and he could tell that she was reading the question in his heart. He could tell, too, by the misty, shiny look in her eyes that her answer was yes.



"To Each His Own"

SARA FLOWERS

"She is entirely too devoted to her father ever to make the kind of wife I want." He made the statement as if there was no doubt in his mind and there should be none in mine.

"It is true that she has always been crazy about Dad and he worships her. But if she were married, I think it would be different. I'm afraid you don't quite understand her and her ideas. You see, Joan was—"

"I do understand her. After all, if you don't understand a person after six years there's either something wrong with you or with her. And I don't think it's me. You know I've done my part. Ever since way back in high school I've been crazy about her, and I've always tried to do everything I could to please her. But she never shows any enthusiasm no matter what I do. And yet anything her father does thrills her to death. I'm afraid her husband could never hold first place in her heart. I've never had a real home. My mother and father died when I was quite young. My aunt has been grand to me, but she just can't take the place of a mother. Can't you see that in a wife I really want more than a wife. I want someone who will make for me the home I've always missed. And for that to be possible my wife will have to be ready to put me far above her family. I don't think Joan is ready to do that for me."

My eyes filled with quick tears. I knew Bob's past life certainly had not been too happy. I knew what he wanted in the girl he would marry. I started to say something, but he was talking again, half to me and half to himself.

"All those months last winter in a German prison camp weren't any fun. It was sheer hell. I can't tell any of you what it was like. Waiting—and for what? Maybe to be tortured or shot. Then they said we were free, but we were too near dead to grasp the meaning of that word we had waited so long to hear—free. Weeks in the hospital, and then home and to another hospital. The first thing I thought of when I got out was Joan. Oh yes, she seemed glad enough to see me, but she never told me how she'd felt when they got word I was a prisoner of war. I know what you're thinking—that I'm not being fair. You've told me how she cried, how lost she seemed to feel. But why didn't she tell me? She would tell her sister, but she couldn't tell me. You say that's just her, that she never expresses half she feels. Well, if that's her, she's not what I'm looking for. And since I've been back, there have been so many times when she's had her choice of being here with me or being with her father and he has so often been her choice. Does she think I'm blind? Does she think I can't see those things? Well, I do see all of them. And I don't know what to do. I don't want sympathy—not from you, or her, or anyone. I want understanding. Joan and I have always liked to do the same things, go to the same places, and do all of the things that go to make a companionship, only she can't put me above everyone else. She never has, and I don't think she ever will."

"But, Bob, that is the kind of person she is, and maybe she isn't what you're looking for. But I want to tell you one thing. Because you've never had a home and parents as Joan has, you don't realize that the devoted daughter would be the devoted wife." I wanted so desperately to make him understand. It was so hard to stand there and watch him, hurt as he was, and to know that he was on the verge of giving

up the person who would be able to give him all he wanted. I knew both sides of the story, and I felt I also knew both of them better than they knew each other.

"No, I'm sure it wouldn't work out for us." He said it in a broken voice, and I could not bear to see the pain in his eyes. He looked like a little boy who had dreamed for a long time of a toy he would buy when he saved enough money; and then when he got the toy it wasn't at all what he wanted it to be, and try as hard as he could, he could not make it what he wanted.

That night Joan told me he had left. Where he was going she did not know. To say that she was less hurt than he, would be doing her a great injustice. In her eyes I saw the same lost feeling I had seen in his. He had told her she could never put him above everyone else. He had said her devotion for her father would always come between her and the man she married. She had tried to reason with him, to make him see her side, but he had turned a deaf ear. Finally, they had both become angry; and so they had parted, with her determined to prove that all he had said was untrue, and he determined to come back some years later and see for himself that he had been right.

Yet I do not think that was the sole purpose for which he had come to the small town in which she was living with her husband. He had heard nothing of her marriage. I was visiting Joan and had run up town for a minute. I immediately recognized him and insisted he come home for dinner—I have often regretted having done so. But I had already extended the invitation before I realized what their meeting again might do to both of them. And he was so eager to go that I could do nothing except take him home with me to her house.

"How is Joan?" He tried to sound casual.

"She's fine, Bob. She's married now. In fact, we're going to her house now. You see Dad and I are spending a few weeks with her." I, too, tried to sound casual. But I saw a strange expression come over his face, and I hated myself for having asked him to dinner.

All the way to Joan's we talked about all that had happened since I last saw him. I soon saw that he hadn't been very happy. He wasn't married, yet, he said, and tried to laugh.

When we arrived I asked him to get the groceries out of the back of the car, and I walked on in to prepare Joan for his coming.

"Joan, Bob is here. I asked him for dinner. Honey, I'm sorry; I'll explain it all to you later." She had swept past me.

"Bob, how nice to see you again. Do come in." Her voice was unbelievably steady.

"Hello, Joan, I just ran into your sister, and she insisted I come out. Naturally I wanted to see you again."

What an act they were both putting on! Then Daddy came in from the backyard. He seemed very glad to see Bob, and soon we were all talking like old friends, but I was holding my breath until Richard, Joan's husband, came home.

"Now what did I do with my pipe?" Dad was searching his pocket.

"It's upstairs, Dad. I'll get it." Joan was on her feet and had left the room before I could see how Bob was reacting to her quickness to respond to Dad's every wish. He gave me a look as if to say, "She's still at it! Wonder how her husband takes it?"

"Richard!" I exclaimed. "We didn't hear you come in. We have a guest for dinner, an old school mate of Joan's." The two men shook hands, and the cook then announced dinner.

Later Dad was ready to retire, and Joan left with him.

"She's always ready to help her father around. He had a stroke, you know, and isn't so well now. To be truthful, I think her thoughtfulness for him was what actually made me realize how happy the man who married her would be." Richard said it as though he were thinking out loud. "It seems as if that thoughtfulness has grown every day, but perhaps that's only because I look for it and notice everything she does. You knew her long before I did, Bob. Tell me, was she like that then?"

"Yes, a great deal." He responded thoughtfully. "You're a lucky man." He said it to Richard, but he looked straight at me. "And now I had better be going. I enjoyed the evening very much. Thank you for your kindness, and I hope to see you again some time when I am in town."

"But won't you wait and see Joan? I'm sure she'll be down in a minute. She will want to see you before you go," Richard explained hastily.

"No, thank you. I must go now." He started toward the door and slowly turned; in spite of his brave smile, his eyes revealed all the loneliness that lay ahead for him. He made a gesture with his hand. "But tell her I said good bye and----I thank her."

Small World

BETTY BARBER

*"Why look so sad, small one?
Your world is full of joy.
It holds the makings of
The dreams of any boy.*

*"It holds the rainbow hues,
The blue of summer sky,
The green of meadow grass
That stands so straight and high*

*"Above your head, and red,
Flame red of Fall whose cheeks
Become quite tinged by frost
While outdoor play he seeks.*

*"It holds the sounds of song,
The melodies of brooks,
The laughing of the breeze
As saucily she looks*

*"Back on the pranks she played
One merry day in March.
It holds a treasure chest
Like yours beneath the larch,*

*"Quite full of something new
Each time you take a look,
So pray, small one, why weep
When life is like your book*

*"Of favorite fairy tales."
"I weep 'cause I'm a boy,
Small boy, and so I am
Unheard. My world of joy*

*"Unsung, because, you see,
Not one will heed the sights
That God has given me,
Of bugs with lovely lights,*

*"And woggly eyes, and frogs
With bumps and worms with legs
And snails with spiral shells
And blue, blue robin's eggs,*

*"And speckled spider webs
And dusty pebbles, too,
And million other things
Not ever seen by you.*

*"Your song is all a grown-up world
Whose beauties are well known,
While that which God gave little boys
Is lived in all alone."*





An Atheist Speaks

FLORA ANN NOWELL

*My soul is free, unshaken, unafraid;
I'm bound by neither code nor moral law.
I live my life believing I was made
Not in the image of some god sans flaw,
But in man's own image — or that of ape.
There is no God! No stern impassioned hand
To meddle in my life! No holy shape
To frighten, cudgel, punish, and demand!
For me there is no prayer; it's useless bunk
Used by the weak, the ignorant, the child.
I'm smart. I know the answers. I'm not drunk
With sentiment's warm wine. I'm free and wild.
Yet when spring comes with warm, pulsating days,
I wonder if it is a fool who prays.*

Book Reviews

John Hersey: Hiroshima

GOLDIE BARRON

John Hersey's story of *Hiroshima* has already been nationally acclaimed although it is a comparatively new book. It was read over the radio several times and has been the topic for many editorials in leading newspapers. "Its tremendous power derives from the fact that it is the honest story of little people in an average city caught up in the fury of the mightiest destructive force yet discovered by man."

Hiroshima is the story of six human beings who survived the most horrible of all man-made disasters. These six people represent a cross-section of life in that city which was destined to be the victim of the first atomic bomb. The group of six is composed of a clerk, a widowed seamstress, a physician, a Methodist minister, a young surgeon, and a German Catholic priest. At eight-fifteen on the fateful morning of August 6, 1945, each person was engaged in his or her particular early morning duties—Miss Sasaki, the clerk, had just sat down in her office; Dr. Fujii, the physician, was about to read the morning paper; Mrs. Nakamura, the seamstress, was standing by her kitchen window; Father Kleinsorge, the German Catholic priest, was reading a Jesuit magazine; Dr. Sasaki, the young surgeon, was carrying blood to the laboratory for testing; and the Reverend Mr. Tanimoto, the Methodist minister, was about to unload a cart. The reaction of each of these persons is told from the time of the explosion throughout the weeks that follow.

All of these survivors were affected in a different way by the bomb, but the one thing that united them was their wonder at why they were spared when so many were killed. The horrors endured by these six as a result of the bomb are indescribable. Death and destruction were all that remained; yet these people, injured though they were, did all that was within their power to help those who were worse off than they. The excruciating experiences that these human beings suffered are unbelievable.

Mr. Hersey presents this horrifying story in simple, everyday language and in a style that makes for easy reading and understanding. It is a book that every person should read to obtain the true facts about the disaster our country dropped on our enemy. It is a story that will make one think—, wonder—, repent—, and pray that nothing so terrible will ever have to take place again.

T. H. White: Mistress Masham's Repose

BELVA MORSE

There was a house that had three hundred and sixty-five windows and fifty-two bedrooms. It was so big that the cook kept a bicycle in the kitchen so that she could ride it along the corridors to the front door when the door bell rang. This mansion, which greatly resembled a king's palace, had at one time been a beautiful old place, but it was gradually falling to ruins. It was here that a mistreated, ten-year-old orphan, Maria, lived with her cruel governess, Miss Brown.

Maria was forced to study or to rest all the time. Her only moment of freedom came when the dreadful Miss Brown went to bed with one of her three-day headaches. And so it was during one of these spells that Maria escaped from Miss Brown's watchful eyes and rowed across the lake at the foot of the south lawn to a small island that was quite overgrown with weeds and huge old trees. On this island Maria discovered a little band of Lilliputians, descendants of Gulliver's friends, who had been living there for many years.

Maria was overjoyed with her discovery, for at last she had found someone to play with. She kept her discovery a secret as long as possible, but Miss Brown and the Vicar, who was Maria's guardian, watched her when she made her trips to the little island, and they learned of the Lilliputians.

The remaining part of the book tells of the attempts of Miss Brown and the Vicar to capture the little people whom Maria loved so that they might sell them and become rich, and of their adventures in attempting to escape.

The charming Lilliputians and the lovely Maria will warm the heart of any reader as he follows them through their many trials and tribulations in T. H. White's *Mistress Masham's Repose*. The illustrations in the book will delight him, too.



Editorials

Ignorance Is Not Bliss

SARAH JUNE PATTERSON

GENERAL EISENHOWER in a recent address declared, "I am convinced that the world cannot stand another global war and, as I see it, the thing to do to prevent such a tragedy from happening is education." This is not the statement of an idealist who has little knowledge of the world of cold hard facts, but rather that of the one man in our land who should know the greatest number of those harsh facts of war and its destruction. He is expressing his belief in and our dependence upon civic education of youth as the only sure measure of defense. This sort of education cannot be given to the young people of our country by persons who are not trained and talented as teachers. This combination is comparatively rare, and the state must be willing to pay a decent salary to those individuals who are worthy to be instructors of the young citizens.

The facts show that our legislative bodies have not quite realized the true conditions. More than one teacher in ten holds an emergency certificate. Seven thousand American classrooms are closed this year for lack of teachers. Vital subjects are being dropped in schools, for there are no teachers qualified to teach them. More than six hundred thousand teachers have abandoned the profession since 1939. The reason behind this desperate situation is quite obvious. Although man does not live by bread alone, there are few people self-sacrificing enough to give constantly of their time and talents for a mere pittance. The small percentage of her income that America spends for education is disgraceful. We who claim to believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people spend the fabulous sum of one dollar in every fifty collected by revenue for the education of those same people who constitute this government. Sound education is the base of democracy, the heart of progress; and the younger generation is being deprived of the privilege of acquiring the knowledge and skills which will enable them to live happy, useful lives and leave America better than they found her.

If we can take General Eisenhower's word for it, it is certainly obvious that it would be much cheaper to pay teachers than to wage war. But, unless the government wakes up to the fact that if the present trend continues there will soon be no teachers to pay, our educational system is doomed. Intelligent young people are not training to become teachers. When they see men with college degrees receiving less than the common day laborer, they lose their respect for the value of higher education. Even young children taught by well meaning but incompetent persons receive a warped idea of the usefulness of knowledge. These early impressions could, in time, lead to intellectual decay throughout the nation.

There are remedies to the situation. Emergency bonuses should be given immediately, and long-range provisions for steady advancement must be provided. If something is not done now, the few remaining qualified teachers will, in the face of rising inflation, be forced to seek employment elsewhere. But a small bonus is no incentive to harder work and more study. Some system of promotion such as that used by the army could be adopted to encourage really intelligent people to take up teaching as a profession. The time for action is now. The future of America and the world is at stake.

The Church-Related College

BETTINA MARABLE

“WHAT THE GROWN individual will be in ability, forcefulness, and personality will be determined largely by the kind of education given him during the formative years of his childhood and youth,” says Henry Louis Smith, former President of Davidson College and President Emeritus of Washington and Lee University. If one considers the significance of this statement, one cannot overlook the importance of choosing one's college. Such a task is not one to be dealt with flippantly or hurriedly. One of the most important decisions one has to make in his youth is whether one shall go to a small Christian college or a large state-supported or privately endowed institution.

What are the advantages of a church-related college? It is an ideal school for preparing boys and girls for all kinds of service. Even though many of the graduates of such a school go out to work as missionaries, preachers, and directors of religious education, there are hundreds of others who go out into ordinary, everyday work. Since the chief purpose of the church-related college, however, is to teach young men and women how to live more abundantly and to instill in each student the finest ideals, those students in the latter group are able to make a better contribution to society than others in the same positions who have not had the Christian training.

Another advantage of the church-related college is its size, which gives the individual a greater opportunity to develop. In a large university the majority of students just become lost in the confusion of the huge, impersonal classroom and campus. Their traits of character and leadership are never discovered by the school, and their personalities become submerged in an uninterested mass of people.

One factor which tends to strengthen the character of a college student is the unconscious influence which is exerted on him by his professors. The church-related college has a faculty that takes a personal interest in the students. The faculty of an independent school is too often chosen only on its intellectual merits, whereas the faculty of a small, church-related school is chosen for its character as well as its intellect. A student changes a great deal during his college years, and this changing may be either for good or for evil. Thus one can see that in a large university, where sometimes only a small per cent of the faculty are professing Christians, a student may very likely be wrongly influenced and get on the wrong track.

The church-related college is also a necessity as a training school for leaders of the church. The church must maintain some institutions in which it can train and prepare its followers for the work they wish to do. It is also of importance to the student who has been brought up in a Christian home, for when he is first away from home he will need the things a church-related school can offer. He will need its comforts and its spiritual training, which is just as great an asset as intellectual training.

In the early days of our country schools of higher education such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and King's College, which is now Columbia University, were established and supported by the churches of America. These early Christian schools did a great deal toward the improvement of higher education, and now others in the country are carrying on the same traditions. The church has had an important part in education from the beginning of colleges in the United States.

As Reverend William Lindsay Young, D.D., President of Park College says, "Christian education includes all that is best in secular education," and, "It is the church alone through its educational endeavors that can make men Christian in whatever vocation they may pursue."

Spring Comes Swiftly

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The days flew quickly for Jimmy after that. He was bursting with news of Mary, "my little sister;" and it was not long before the neighbors could scarcely open their front doors before Jimmy was in the house, proudly relating Mary's exact weight, height, color of hair, "goldish like my mother's," and other such vital statistics. At school his compositions were filled with "my little sister, Mary;" and he was frequently to be seen with other boys who were possessors of baby sisters.

And then the great day came. Jimmy hopped first on one foot and then on the other as he waited in the living room. One more quick tour of the nursery to see that nothing had been forgotten, and he flew downstairs again, fearful that he might have missed the car. At last he saw it coming down the street. Out into the yard he ran, forgetting his jacket. The car stopped; his father opened the door, and Jimmy saw his mother and Mary. Sudden shyness gripped him as he stood. What if his mother had changed? What if she might love Mary more than she loved him? It wasn't right to cry, but Jimmy almost did in that tense minute.

"Jimmy, don't you want to carry Mary in?" his mother called, and Jimmy's world settled on its axis. Why, the baby wasn't ugly as he'd expected. And her hair was really golden against the pink blanket.

"But I might drop her; Daddy better," Jimmy whispered, not wanting to upset the baby.

"All right, dear. Would you carry the suitcase for me?"

"Oh, yes ma'am," Jimmy answered and followed them into the house.

As the days passed, Jimmy was more and more satisfied with Mary. She was a remarkable baby, he felt sure—none of the boys at school had sisters with golden hair or little sisters that behaved so perfectly. And after the practical nurse had left, Jimmy was quite sure that everything was very right.

One afternoon he came in from school on a cold, nasty day to find his mother sewing in the living room. After he had pulled off his rubbers and taken off his jacket, emptying the pockets into his knicker pockets, he sat down in front of her on the floor.

"Mummy."

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Mummy, something's wrong."

"What, dear?" The sewing was laid aside.

"Mummy, you said it would be spring when the baby was born, and Mary's here, but it's still cold."

His mother looked thoughtful. "Maybe spring is going to be late this year, Jimmy. But it will come—soon."

"Really, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"All right. I just wondered."

That night a small figure padded down the hall in nightmare striped pajamas, into a bedroom and around the foot of the bed to the far side. Jimmy laid his mouth close to his mother's ear. "Mummy." She slept. "Mummy," a little louder. "Yes, dear," came the drowsy answer. "Come see, Mummy."

Together the two followed Jimmy's path and hand in hand traced the hall to Jimmy's room. He led her across the room to his open window. Together they leaned out, the blonde woman and the dark-haired little boy. The moon played on them, bringing out the likeness of their faces, the same happiness in their smiles. A breeze stirred the mother's hair as she looked where Jimmy pointed. Down in the little pond a frog ga-lunked a sentimental nocturne to his love. The little boy turned to his mother. "It's spring," he said.



The Green Years of Milton

(Continued from Page 20)

the door over which was written in Latin "Apply yourself to obtain proficiency," through the anteroom in which the smaller boys were instructed, and on into the main classroom. During the course of the day the boy's eyes must have strayed many times to the excellent bust of Colet or to the windows on which the stern dictum "Aut doce, aut disc, aut discede," which meant "Either teach, or learn, or get out." This admonition, shortened to "aut disc, aut discede," was often used by the teachers to belittle an offender. We may be quite sure, however, that it was never used against Milton, for the evidence is that he applied himself well, and that under the able instruction of the headmaster, Mr. Alexander Gill, and his son, Mr. Alexander Gill, the younger, he became proficient in grammar, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Probably because of the early stimulus of Thomas Young, Milton developed an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and he remembered that "from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which, indeed, was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there were also added frequent headaches."¹³ Phillips describes his St. Paul's days glowingly with "he was entered into the rudiments of learning and advanced therein with . . . admirable success, not more by the discipline of the school and the good instructions of his masters . . . than by his own happy genius, prompt wit, and apprehension, and insuperable industry; for he generally sat up half the night, as well in voluntary improvements of his own choice as the exact perfecting of his school exercises: so that at the age of fifteen he was full ripe for academical training."¹³ And Aubrey adds the interesting fact that when he sat up very late his father, fully in sympathy with his arduous habits, merely "ordered the mayde to sitt-up for him."¹⁴

From the above descriptions one might well imagine young John as a solitary youth who thought nothing of people, but reveled only in the world of the Latin verb, the Greek declension, and the Italian sonnet. Such was certainly not the case, however, for while at St. Paul's he was not only a special favorite of Alexander Gill, Jr., who was only his senior by a few years, but he formed a very close David-and-Jonathan friendship with Charles Diodati, son of an Italian physician, whose father had been sent from Italy because of his Protestantism, and an English mother of considerable wealth. The two boys became so intimate that on one occasion when Charles had written some verses to John and had asked for some in return, the latter had replied that his love was too great to be "conveyed in meter." Although they were almost the same age, Diodati had been sent to St. Paul's a little earlier than Milton, so that he left for Oxford a year and a half before his friend finished his pre-university training. They continued to correspond, however—and usually in Latin; they especially enjoyed exchanging Latin verses. Perhaps in these early letter-poems Milton used many ideas which he later developed in his famous Latin elegies.

According to Aubrey, he was already a poet at the age of ten, and by the time he was twelve he had "composed many copies of verse which might well become a ripper age."¹⁵ The first poems still surviving, however, are paraphrases of *Psalms 114* and *136*. They were written during his last year at St. Paul's when he was fifteen. *Psalms 114* is rather short, its best lines being:

¹³Masson, *op. cit.*, p. 85.

¹⁴Clark, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

¹⁵Clark, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills, like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?

Masson declares that this entire poem and the above lines in particular are an almost exact imitation of Joshua Sylvester, whose *Du Bartas* appeared in a new edition in 1621. At the time of the writing of the paraphrase this book was extremely popular. The very fact that the young poet was able to imitate so exactly the style of a poet of Sylvester's calibre, however, is an indication of poetic skill of a sort.

Psalm 136 is a much longer stanzaic poem with the refrain "For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever sure" repeated at the end of each couplet. Its best lines are:

And caused the golden-tressed sun
 All the day long his course to run;

The horned moon to shine by night
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
 Of the Erythraen main.

But full soon they did devour
 The tawny king with all his power.

Masson traces "golden-tressed" to the line in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* which reads "the golden-tressed Phebus high on loft"; "Erythraen Main" and "ruddy waves," to Sylvester; and "tawny king" to "conquered were all hot Afric's tawny king" from Fairfax's *Tasso*, published in 1600. Some of these apparently borrowed phrases may, however, as both Masson and Belloc point out, have been mere accidents. It is quite possible, for instance, that Milton and Fairfax both conceived independently the apt phrase "tawny king"; and it is certainly presumptuous to assume that Milton, even at fifteen, was incapable of such poetic imageries as these convey.

Dr. Samuel Johnson says of these early attempts: "The products of his vernal fertility have been expressed by many . . . They raise no great expectations; they would in any numerous schools have obtained praise, but not excited wonder."¹⁶ Nevertheless, there is a certain dignity and scope about them which is definitely Miltonian, and in them we have at least a glimpse of immature genius. After all, as Masson so aptly says, "Would Apollo himself, in school, have excited wonder by any paraphrase of a Hebrew Psalm?"¹⁷

The production of these poems is the last definite thing we know about Milton's stay at St. Paul's. At fifteen he was admirably prepared to enter college and also admirably prepared for the life he was to lead. On the eve of his departure for Cambridge he had already developed most of his distinguishing characteristics, and his later genius evolved naturally and gradually from his youth. He is at fifteen, a studious, religious, somewhat musical, weak-eyed, intelligent, hard-working, and ambitious amateur poet. At fifty he is a learned, deeply religious, melodious, blind, intelligent, hard-working, and still-ambitious mature poet. The green years of Milton truly bore their characteristic fruit in the ripeness of his maturity.

¹⁶*Lives of the English Poets* (Oxford, 1938 edition), vol. I, p. 67.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 97.

